

# "The Insider" By Virginia Terhune Van De Water

Miss Dart Notices That Mrs. Gore Exerts an Antagonizing Influence on Tom.

(Continued from Saturday Week-End.)

THE man Tom Norton introduced to her was straight, tall and broad shouldered. His eyes were clear and blue, his hair light brown and his skin fair.

"Clean cut" was the epithet that came into my mind when I looked into his face. As he greeted me, he showed a set of regular white teeth in a flashing brilliant smile. In that brief instant I understood why Tom admired Hugh Parker.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Dart," he said, bowing over my hand.

And although I did not know him, I felt sure that he meant what he said.

"I came down to get this book," I explained, taking the volume from the table where I had left it that afternoon.

But as I started toward the door, Tom spoke.

"Say—what's the hurry?" he asked, protesting. "Why not stay here and talk with us for a few minutes?"

I looked at him in surprise. He seemed to have undergone a subtle change of some kind. Heretofore I had seen him as the not very happy and little understood son of the house, sometimes on the defensive, seldom sure of himself.

But now, with this man who was some years his senior, he spoke with a naturalness and ease that altered his whole bearing.

He stood by his friend, looking squarely at me as a man of the world might have done. With a boy's impulsiveness that warmed my heart toward him. The idea came to me that he might always be like this if he were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did.

"Yes," Mr. Parker seconded his suggestion promptly, "why not stay and talk with us?"

"But," I laughed, "I am not one of his people—and I must be going upstairs."

An Explanation.

"Oh, aren't you ready for dinner?" Tom asked, noting for the first time that I was a simple afternoon gown and was not dressed for the evening.

"I had forgotten, or he did not know that I was not in the habit of coming to the family dinner table at night."

The situation was awkward, and the only thing to me to do was to speak frankly. It cost me an effort to do this.

"Thank you, Mr. Tom," I said, "but the little girl in the picture is like this if she were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did."

"Please do not call me Mr. Tom," the boy begged. "I hate that term. Call me Tom if you want to please."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

# AN EASY TIME OF IT

Hardship Never Yet Prevented an Individual From Getting to the Top of the Ladder.

WHAT is needed in education more than anything else is some means or system which will train the powers of self-discovery and self-control. . . . It usually takes the stress and strain of hard necessity to make us acquainted with our hidden selves, to rouse the sleeping giant within us, to write a modern authority on social progress.

Those two sentences are well worth our thought and study. Too many of us accept ourselves as failures with complacent feeling that we come from poor stock and never had a chance, anyhow. As a matter of fact the biggest chance we ever can have is the chance to fight our way to success.

The story of home which has ease and comfort as its watchword and which protects the children in it as they were hothouse plants. . . .

Without a fight there never yet was a victory. No one ever set sail back to a glorious future. . . .

How many of us would go out and fight for a week if some one had said to us, "You are a coward. . . ."

The world will not pay. . . . The world will not pay. . . .

The great trouble with most millionaires' sons and daughters is that they have always taken it for granted that life was an easy thing. . . .

That the tutor had saved the situation. . . .

The situation was awkward, and the only thing to me to do was to speak frankly. . . .

"Thank you, Mr. Tom," I said, "but the little girl in the picture is like this if she were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did."

"Please do not call me Mr. Tom," the boy begged. "I hate that term. Call me Tom if you want to please."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

# EL PASO HERALD

Hardship Never Yet Prevented an Individual From Getting to the Top of the Ladder.

WHAT is needed in education more than anything else is some means or system which will train the powers of self-discovery and self-control. . . . It usually takes the stress and strain of hard necessity to make us acquainted with our hidden selves, to rouse the sleeping giant within us, to write a modern authority on social progress.

Those two sentences are well worth our thought and study. Too many of us accept ourselves as failures with complacent feeling that we come from poor stock and never had a chance, anyhow. As a matter of fact the biggest chance we ever can have is the chance to fight our way to success.

The story of home which has ease and comfort as its watchword and which protects the children in it as they were hothouse plants. . . .

Without a fight there never yet was a victory. No one ever set sail back to a glorious future. . . .

How many of us would go out and fight for a week if some one had said to us, "You are a coward. . . ."

The world will not pay. . . . The world will not pay. . . .

The great trouble with most millionaires' sons and daughters is that they have always taken it for granted that life was an easy thing. . . .

That the tutor had saved the situation. . . .

The situation was awkward, and the only thing to me to do was to speak frankly. . . .

"Thank you, Mr. Tom," I said, "but the little girl in the picture is like this if she were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did."

"Please do not call me Mr. Tom," the boy begged. "I hate that term. Call me Tom if you want to please."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

# EL PASO HERALD

Hardship Never Yet Prevented an Individual From Getting to the Top of the Ladder.

WHAT is needed in education more than anything else is some means or system which will train the powers of self-discovery and self-control. . . . It usually takes the stress and strain of hard necessity to make us acquainted with our hidden selves, to rouse the sleeping giant within us, to write a modern authority on social progress.

Those two sentences are well worth our thought and study. Too many of us accept ourselves as failures with complacent feeling that we come from poor stock and never had a chance, anyhow. As a matter of fact the biggest chance we ever can have is the chance to fight our way to success.

The story of home which has ease and comfort as its watchword and which protects the children in it as they were hothouse plants. . . .

Without a fight there never yet was a victory. No one ever set sail back to a glorious future. . . .

How many of us would go out and fight for a week if some one had said to us, "You are a coward. . . ."

The world will not pay. . . . The world will not pay. . . .

The great trouble with most millionaires' sons and daughters is that they have always taken it for granted that life was an easy thing. . . .

That the tutor had saved the situation. . . .

The situation was awkward, and the only thing to me to do was to speak frankly. . . .

"Thank you, Mr. Tom," I said, "but the little girl in the picture is like this if she were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did."

"Please do not call me Mr. Tom," the boy begged. "I hate that term. Call me Tom if you want to please."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

# EL PASO HERALD

Hardship Never Yet Prevented an Individual From Getting to the Top of the Ladder.

WHAT is needed in education more than anything else is some means or system which will train the powers of self-discovery and self-control. . . . It usually takes the stress and strain of hard necessity to make us acquainted with our hidden selves, to rouse the sleeping giant within us, to write a modern authority on social progress.

Those two sentences are well worth our thought and study. Too many of us accept ourselves as failures with complacent feeling that we come from poor stock and never had a chance, anyhow. As a matter of fact the biggest chance we ever can have is the chance to fight our way to success.

The story of home which has ease and comfort as its watchword and which protects the children in it as they were hothouse plants. . . .

Without a fight there never yet was a victory. No one ever set sail back to a glorious future. . . .

How many of us would go out and fight for a week if some one had said to us, "You are a coward. . . ."

The world will not pay. . . . The world will not pay. . . .

The great trouble with most millionaires' sons and daughters is that they have always taken it for granted that life was an easy thing. . . .

That the tutor had saved the situation. . . .

The situation was awkward, and the only thing to me to do was to speak frankly. . . .

"Thank you, Mr. Tom," I said, "but the little girl in the picture is like this if she were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did."

"Please do not call me Mr. Tom," the boy begged. "I hate that term. Call me Tom if you want to please."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

# EL PASO HERALD

Hardship Never Yet Prevented an Individual From Getting to the Top of the Ladder.

WHAT is needed in education more than anything else is some means or system which will train the powers of self-discovery and self-control. . . . It usually takes the stress and strain of hard necessity to make us acquainted with our hidden selves, to rouse the sleeping giant within us, to write a modern authority on social progress.

Those two sentences are well worth our thought and study. Too many of us accept ourselves as failures with complacent feeling that we come from poor stock and never had a chance, anyhow. As a matter of fact the biggest chance we ever can have is the chance to fight our way to success.

The story of home which has ease and comfort as its watchword and which protects the children in it as they were hothouse plants. . . .

Without a fight there never yet was a victory. No one ever set sail back to a glorious future. . . .

How many of us would go out and fight for a week if some one had said to us, "You are a coward. . . ."

The world will not pay. . . . The world will not pay. . . .

The great trouble with most millionaires' sons and daughters is that they have always taken it for granted that life was an easy thing. . . .

That the tutor had saved the situation. . . .

The situation was awkward, and the only thing to me to do was to speak frankly. . . .

"Thank you, Mr. Tom," I said, "but the little girl in the picture is like this if she were in the company of those who understood him as his present companion probably did."

"Please do not call me Mr. Tom," the boy begged. "I hate that term. Call me Tom if you want to please."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I sleep in the room next to hers."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall be glad to."

"And," he went on, "I do not see why you should go when she is in bed and asleep. She will—will—"

"Perfectly well," I admitted. "But I